VVits Labyrinth.

OR,

A briefe and compendious Abstract of most witty, ingenious, wise, and learned SENTENCES and PHRASES.

Together with some hundreds of most pithy, facetious, and patheticall, complementall Expressions.

Collected, compiled, and set forth for the benefit, pleasure, or delight of all, but principally the English Nobility and GENTRY.

Aut prodesse, aut delectare potest.

By *F. S.* GENT.

LONDON,
Printed for *M. Simmons*, 1648.

TO
The Illustrious and
Generous, the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom of *England.*

J. S. wisheth all encrease of Honour, Happinesse, and Prosperity.

Right Honourable,

I *know it will appear strange & preposterous, to many, to see a Poem of this nature, in these distracted and confused times (when scarce the iron hand of Warre is ceast: but like a fearefull and prodigious Commet stil hangs over us, threatning ruine and destruction to this royall Kingdome) set forth to the view and Censure of the World. For, noble Gentlemen, I must ingenuously confesse, it had beene much more sutable to the Times, had it had its birth in our Halcyon dayes, when blest peace and prosperity reigned in our happy* Albion: *but since 'tis so unhappy to breathe life in this unnaturall age, let it begge your favourable and candid censures: not of A-*

bortive, but a Posthumus. And now to vindicate my self from foule detraction, which the envious and carping Zoylusses & Momusses of all ages (by their virulent tongues & pens, to prejudice and traduce the workes of others) have too frequently, but most falsely cast upon Writers: I shall endeavour to give you some satisfactory reasons of publishing this my Pamphlet.

As first, because I never heard or read of any booke of this subject, set forth in the English tongue, although in all other languages they are most frequent.

The next is for the benefit, pleasure, or delight of the Reader, especially now in these sad and disconsolate times, it being a great refreshment, and recreation to the minde of man, (by way of divertion) to take him off from the consideration of these danger-threatning times, and entertaine his thoughts, sometimes with sweete variety of matter, according to that saying: Interpone tuis, interdum gaudea curis, ut posses animo, quemvis sufferre laborem.

And lastly, although this Poem is but a collection of divers sentences, phrases, &c. as appeareth in the Title, (not methodically composed or digested) it being unpossible in a subject of this nature, so to doe) but promiscuously intermixt with variety and delight) which many yeares since in times of my better prosperity, I gathered out of some hundreds of Authors, never having the least thought of putting it to Presse. Yet now, by the importunity, or rather the commands of some noble friends, to whose endearements for their noble favours, I owe my gratitude: I have adventured, or rather presumed, (under your noble patronage and protection) to put it into print: And noble Gentlemen, let mee indulge your favours, not to reade it with

prejudicate

prejudicate opinions, for then I know you will doome it to scorne and your contempt: but that you will behold it, with a gracious and favourable aspect, rather pittying then censuring the Author; and where you finde it worthlesse and vnusefull, you would bury it in the Ocean of your goodness, thereby you will oblige me for to be,

Your Honours in all humble observance and duty,

J. S.

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A Briefe and compendious abſtract of moſt witty, Ingenious, wiſe, and learned SENTENCES and PHRASES.

Vertue illuſtrates true Nobility.
Bounty and mercy grace Nobility.
Bounti's the badge of true Nobility.
Reputation is the ſoule of Honour.

THE ſickneſſe of the bodie, oft-times proves phyſick to the ſoule.

Afflictions are preparatives for grace.

Vertu's more worth, then all the hidden treaſures of the earth.

Mercie's the object of a Chriſtian.

Sinne and grace are incompatible.

This world's a moment to eternity.

All earthly treaſures are but vanities.

Heaven is the object of the ſoule of man.

Content is the crown of earthly happineſſe.

Vertue and grace runne parallel with Heaven.

All qualities that ſpring from vertue, have their reward.

Where

Where beauty is, there needs no other plea.

Riches are lent for to relieve the poor.

He that relieves the poor, gives alms to Heaven.

Bounty and liberality consists, not in feasting the rich, but feeding the poore.

Hee that contemns the poore may forget Heaven.

The rich mans bounty, is the poore mans Exchequer.

To feede the hungry, cloath the naked, and relieve the poore, is a Sacrifice heaven is well pleased with.

The sicknesse of age is avarice, the errours of youth profanenesse.

The memory of past misfortunes augments the present happinesse.

Revenge sweetens disgrace.

Innocence is the safest armour.

Storms divided abate their force.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzie.

Worth should ever be admired, and vertue lov'd.

Conquests hard got, are sweete and glorious.

Let vertue be the object of your will.

Desperate torments must have desperate cures.

Mans greatest extreamity, is Heavens best opportunity.

Grant mee gracious heaven, the head of *Salomon*, and the heart of *David*.

He is Master of any mans life, that contemnes his owne.

Whosoever writes a modern history, and follows truth too neare the heeles, it may chance strike out his teeth.

No man can so change himself, but that his heart

may

may bee sometimes seene at his tongues end.

The minde ought to have reason, to remember, that passion ought to be her vassall, not her Master.

Hee's of a poote spirit that declines every mans anger.

The covetous man relishes any thing that comes of free cost.

Money comes neere the nature of a spirit it is so subtle, it opens lockes, drawes curtaines, buyes wit, sells honesty.

Affection flowes uncompelled.

Your feares abuse you.

Shew not a guilt of so much weakenesse in you.

It is in vaine to interrupt our fate.

What is decreed above, becomes not mortalls to dispute.

Redeeme your selfe to liberty againe.

Ambition like a torrent ne're lookes back.

Ambition is the last affection a great minde can put off.

Let not faith seeme cheaper for springing out of penitence.

The dignity of truth is lost by much protesting, few are vertuous when reward's away.

They are petty crimes are punish't, great rewarded.

Attempts begun with danger, still end with glory.

As crimes doe grow, justice should rowze her selfe.

Better thy fortunes should forsake thee, then thy vertues.

Let falshood flee thy breast.

Let not hatred harbour in thy bosome.

Adde not to the ill you have done,

Resolution ever waits the noble mind.

Obey necessity, and lick the Lyons feet till happier times.

By your delayes, you hasten miseries.

Betray not your selfe to filthy lust, or base contempt.

Let revenge sleepe.

Laugh not at aged sorrow.

Detract not from your self.

Sell not your liberty.

Sell not your soul for such a vanity as eye-pleasing beauty.

Make tryall of your vertues.

No hell so low, which lust and women cannot lead unto.

Into how sad a toyle ambition and swift ryot run into, when mean content sits low, happy and secure.

No course that's violent, can be secure.

Smooth runs the brooke, whereas the streame is deepest.

The Foxe barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

As opposite to every good, as truth and falshood.

The smallest worm will turne, being troden on.

Things ill got, have ever bad successe.

The common people are like summer flies.

Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty mind.

The worlds a theatre of theft, great rivers rob the smaller brooks, and them the Ocean.

Close as a Usurers purse.

Let reason cleer your sight.

Let not time out-strip you.

Delay draws on danger.

Most

Most things are what they seeme, not as they be, all is opinion.

Sometimes at a banquet, more ground is got, then at a bloody battle.

Nature will never violate her selfe.

Were it a tempest in a showr of gold, I would endure it.

One ill succeeds another, untill the mouth of mischiefe be made up.

Gold can make hard the softest conscience.

Ascribe not that to merit, which was meer fortune.

Rub not old wounds, to bleed againe.

Adde not affliction to misery.

Wound not reputation so

Be a friend to truth.

It's a meere comment of your owne.

Fortune is blind, and sees not wher's desert.

Bootlesse is complaint where there's no remedy.

Love being resisted, growes impatient.

Fortune is yet your friend.

Time is the author, both of truth and right.

Time is the child of truth.

Violence leaps forth like Thunder, wrapt in a bal of fire.

Seek not to encrease your sorrow.

Nourish not jealous thoughts.

Beauty invites temptation.

Rouze up your sleeping vertue.

I am circled round with danger, and no hope left to redeeme me.

They are empty men that trumpet their owne deserts.

You trumpet your owne shame.
A Virgins speech must always be ushered with fear
My very thoughts (I hope) are wing'd with innocence.
I must exact your utmost care in this.
From a pure spring, sweet rivers ever flow.
Gold's not too dear a sollary for such a hazard.
Burst not with envy.
Vertue's turn'd hand-maid to blind fortune.
Honest simplicity and truth are the agents I'le employ.
I wish my secret thoughts lay open to discovery.
It's no time now to play with your good fortune.
Equall nature made us all of one mould,
'Tis not fortune, but your folly.
You shall runne no such hazard.
Torment me not with expectation.
I desire not my deepe designes.
True loves a servant, brutish lust a tyrant.
Duty must not assume the name of merit.
I am paid for all my sufferings,
Have all your wishes.
Disdaine not vertue though clad in rags.
Y'are drunke with a false opinion of your owne worth.
Thinke not with Giant arms to fathom earth.
Flatter not your selfe with such false hopes.
Redeeme the forfeit of your fault.
A free confession of a fault wins pardon.
Laugh not at danger.
Let not your joy oppresse you.
Play not with anger, that will consume you.

'Tis

'Tis above wonder, undeard of violence.

All my poore fortunes are at ſhake, and I muſt run the hazard.

I have long fed on the bread of ſorrow.

Comfort's a ſtranger to me.

The amazed Sunne hides his face behind a maske of clouds.

In my ſufferings, all ſorrow's comprehended.

Theſe are but Chymera's of your jealous feares.

I have not faith enough for to believe you.

I muſt not credit impoſſibilities.

The torrent of your joyes will o're-whelme you.

Temperance is the Queen of vertues.

You deſcribe a wonder a rare temper.

You wrack me beyond patience.

Cheriſh deſert in all.

I walk upon a bridge of glaſſe.

I would not live ſlave to jealouſie for the world.

Such cruelty would force a ſavage to compaſſion.

Men pitty beaſts of rapine, if o're-matcht.

You beare it with a Saint-like patience.

Adde not fuell to that fire that burnes too hot already.

Where cruelty reignes, there dwells nor love nor honour.

Will you aſſiſt me in my undertakings.

It falls not in the compaſſe of my underſtanding.

Be not tranſported thus with grife and ſorrow.

This confirmes what before I doubted.

Can your charity deſcend ſo low as to look on my ſufferings?

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

Your

Your malice cannot reach me.

You must of force now use your patience.

Y'are wrong'd beyond a cowards sufferance.

All circumstances meet to give it credit.

Vertue though in rags, may challenge more, then vice with all her greatnesse.

You'l pluck a mountaine of disgrace upon you.

You are all made of passion.

I'le teach my Spaniel to howle in better language.

You forget the dignity of the place.

You cannot free your selfe from these aspersions.

I cannot cloath my thoughts in better language.

Like a rocke I'le beate off all temptations.

You may as soone wash an Æthiope white.

Never cure was but with some paines effected.

I'de rather trust the mercy of a storme, then to be calm'd for ever.

Let not feare fright you, nor hope foole you.

All is not deadly, that lookes dangerous.

Times ancient bawde is opporunity.

Folly begets danger.

Y'have spoke the worst that malice could invent.

Cedars and shrubs are not parallels.

Virginity in an ancient maid, is like a garment long laid by, and out of fashion, not worth wearing.

Virginity sometimes is like a false friend, better lost then kept.

Your thoughts instruct you ill.

Your heart's a rebell to you.

Descents to ill are easie, steepe are the steps to grace.

I'le waken heaven and earth with my exclaims.

Griefes

Griefe's a true watch-man.

Base ones made big by beauty, are but slaves.

Unequall marriage is not love, but lust.

The Bee can breed no poyson, though shee sucke the juyce of hemlock.

Indignation flies on wings of thunder.

Traytors are like to poyson'd arrowes, which tyrants shoot at mischiefe.

Mine eyes waxe dim with expectation.

The minde of man is like a rest'esse ship that's tost and hurl'd upon the surging seas.

The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

This world's a chaos of confusion

The nights black mantle over-spreads the skie.

Blacke night is fled to his deformed cell.

You dwell in Labyrinths.

Your language is more dubious than an oracle.

The Spaniel fawnes, because he dares not bark.

You flatter as though you had serv'd your apprentiship in Court.

Your starres bid you be happy.

Your heart's like pibbles, smooth, yet stony.

Generous spirits, are still subject to credulity.

'Tis the misery of Princes to sin in ignorance.

You will repent this language.

Inroule your meaning in your speech.

Old time hath thrown his feathers from his heels.

It is legitimate blood of the rich grape.

I'le sooner couple with a man-drake, and beget groanes.

I'me lost unto your memory,

Time hath now sprain'd his foote, and goes awry.

As penſive as the night.
As liberall as the Sun, which ſhines on all.
Gold is the quinteſcence and Elixar of all metals.
Time grows humorous with age.
The morns faire cheek hath not yet loſt her tears.
The eye of heaven doth winke, or is out.
Mixe ability with your will.
As wholſome as the blood of grapes to age.
You will inrage your violence.
The frozen hand of death hath ceaz'd him.
The snake hath caſt his skin.
As ſwift as thought.
Eolus defend us from theſe ſtormes.
The Jewell that's enjoy'd, is not eſteem'd.
True beauty, yet was never mercileſſe.
Who moſt doe love, muſt ſeeme moſt to neglect.
Night, nor ſleepare not more ſilent.
If a man halt but once in his eſtate, friendſhip will prove but broken crutches to him.
Night with her black ſteeds drawes up the day.
They deafen aire with their loud exclaims.
In warres, is wealth and honour to be wonne.
Mourning for the abſent, is like ſorrowing for the dead.
Outward ſhewes expreſſe not alwayes truth.
Imagination doth not ever faile.
Sparks of honour will burſt into flames.
A Princes greateſt glory is but a cloudy miſt.
Princes with their lookes engender feare.
I love to heare vice anatomiz'd.
Obſerve him as the watch obſerves the clock.
There's nothing Roman in him.

Am-

Ambition makes more trusty slaves, then need.

When power, that may command, doth much descend, their bondage, whom it stoopes too, it intends.

It is not safe to inforce a Soverainges care.

Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.

Wrath covered, carries fate with it.

Revenge is lost, if men professe they hate.

It is not safe, the children draw long breath, that are provoked by a parents death.

Thunder speakes not till it hit.

None sooner are oppreſt, then they, whom confidence betrayes to reſt.

All power is to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.

Age in all things breeds neglect.

Wolves doe change their haire, but not their hearts.

Take heed of whispering your thoughts.

There is no losse, nor shame in providence.

He threatens many, that hath injur'd one.

Your fraud is worse to me then violence.

You strive to make him guilty, whom you have foredoom'd.

Your thoughts looke through your words.

The coward, and the valiant man must fall.

The times are sicke, when vertue cannot safely bee advanc'd.

Who nourisheth a Lyon, must obey him.

A Princes power makes all his actions good.

Princes agents are like dumb instruments, to doe, but not enquire.

Princes intents are to be serv'd, not search't

The way to rise, is to obey, and please.

No innocence is ſafe, when power conteſts.

What wee doe know will come, wee ſhould not feare.

'Tis hard when ignorance is ſcarcely innocent.

A good man rather muſt ſit downe with loſſe, than riſe unjuſt.

'Tis place, not blood, diſcernes the noble, and the baſe.

Night hath many eyes; whereof, though moſt doe ſleepe, yet ſome are ſpies.

'Tis now about the noone of night.

He well doth give, where merit meets his bounty.

Injuries neglected, finde their owne grave.

The puniſhment of writers augments the reputation of his workes.

The firſt crime is the bridge to all ſucceeding ones.

When a woman hath loſt her chaſtity, ſhee hath no more to loſe.

Where diſtruſt begins, there friendſhip ends.

There's nothing in man but his ambition, that waxeth not olde.

Great matters ſhould bee ſooner done, than diſputed of.

'Tis more honour to give, than to receive.

When the ſervice is ſo great, that it cannot well be recompenc'd, it makes him that hath done it, odious and troubleſome.

Princes had rather give to oblige, than to acquite themſelves by rewarding.

Patience too much wrong'd, turnes to fury.

Providence is the ſafeſt ſhield againſt the threats of fortune.

That

That power can never bee well us'd, that is ill got.

'Tis hard to judge of a mans felicity, before his death.

That favour that is acquired by merit, or good fortune, is conserv'd by modesty, and lost by insolence.

Vertue wheresoever found, is honourable.

Fortune attend me, as my ends are just.

Suffer mine eyes for to discourse my griefes.

Vertue and grace, are alwayes pair'd together.

Braine is the mother of invention.

Kill this monster griefe.

True worth, scornes to turne Camelion.

When beautie's withered, lustfull love growes cold.

Your guilt keepes ope youreyes.

Midnight's the generall Bawde to the whole world.

Nimble prevention out-runs woe.

'Tis rare, to finde a woman chaste and faire.

Destruction, though delaid, yet's deadly sure.

The blessed man is absolutely rich.

As secret as calme silence, or the night.

Anothers losse, makes many fortunate.

In sicknesse, an associate helps disease.

Envi's the common traytor to Estate.

That man's to lethergy condemn'd, that takes a Politician to his friend.

To suffer wrong, inflames revenge.

A pregnant pupill thrives without a tutor.

An hypocrites heart is like a deceitfull ſpunge.
The ſunne at his departure ſeem'd to ſmile.
Miſchiefe, like mighty waves, ne're comes alone.
Place cannot change the nature of good things.
Innocence is reſolutions ground.
Let affection be your ſervant, will your ſlave, paſſion your drudge.
The Foord is ſhalloweſt, where the ſtreame doth roare.
Hearts are ſmall things, but infinite in deſires.
The head-ſtrong windes doe rage with hideous ſtormes.
The fearefull Sunne deſcends as red as blood.
There is no hell to an aſpiring minde.
All ſtrive to have, but few for to deſerve.
What horrour and affrightment ceaſeth me.
The ſun will bluſh, for to behold ſuch guilt.
Man is the pride of heavens creation.
Let not clouds of paſſion choake your reaſon.
Nothing deforms a man ſo much as ſinne.
When black hands are lift up, heaven hath no feeling.
Death could not ſpeake a word more fatall to mee.
Juſt heaven will ne're forſake the innocent.
Grieſe's weight is eas'd, when each-one beares his part.
Ignorance doth not alwayes ſtrut in ſattin, it oftimes walkes a Clergy pace in blacke.
The Foxe will have his prey before the Lyon.
Words are ayery ſhades, they are deedes that pleaſe.
Wealth is abus'd, when it conducts to hell.
He's bleſt, that to bee rich, can give conſent with

with honesty, or rest poore with content.

Let mercy lodge within your gentle breast.

What ground for this suspition, finde your thoughts.

Our heads cut ayre, and yet our hearts plough earth.

Murther from Heavens eye cannot be conceal'd.

Vaine thoughts will flatter you.

Passion must vent it selfe in speech or teares.

Too much indulgence is not love, but hate.

The body hath no sicknesse like the minde.

You hugge your hopes, as a politician his ayery plots.

Murther, like your Jesuite, doth whisper death in silence.

The Vsurer whilst his interest money in doth trole, cares not to lose the principall his soule.

Murther will out, though by the actors mouth.

Rich men, as well as poore, must turne to dust.

Gold's the world's Idoll.

Gold is the young man's whore, the olde man's saint.

Ignorance is foe to arts.

You put into a sea, you cannot sound.

Harke how the sound of horrour beates the ayre.

The Alpine snow at the sunne beames doth melt.

'Tis vanity to quarrell with your destiny

Who seemes most crafty, proves oft-times most foole.

Mercy is Nobilities true badge.

The Raven doth not hatch a larke.

Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke.

Sorrow

Sorrow conceal'd, doth burn the heart to cynders.

The Firmament hath not more Sunnes than one.

Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in griefe and woe.

Truſt him by leaſure, that deceiv'd thee once.

Your ſmiles to mee are like a flattering glaſſe.

There is ſedition in your countenance.

Content's a Kingdome, and you weare the crowne.

Baniſh from your breaſt ſad diſcontent.

Care lodges in my heart, griefe in my breaſt.

Charity is fled to Heaven.

Death is the end of all calamity.

Rich men flye the poore, as good men ſhunne the Devill.

Oh what a clogge to the ſoule is ſinne.

Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Blow not thoſe coales, which long were rak'd in embers.

Let not the head contend againſt the foote.

A benefit upbraided, forfeits thankes.

There's no content attends a wavering minde.

That man is only happy with his fate,
That is contented in a ſetled ſtate.

Time flies with winged haſt.

A bounteous act hath alwayes glory following it.

'Tis beſt to feare without a cauſe.

Your ſword hath made ſome windowes for my blood.

Who hunts for honour, happineſſe neglects.

You are both deafe to prayers, and blinde to teares.

By baſe revenge, there is no honour wonne.

To

To forgive an Injury, is the greateſt victory.

He that will once give the wall, ſhall quickly bee thruſt into the kennell.

I was not ſalted at the Univerſity to be colted here.

Love's the reward of love.

Miſchiefe for miſchiefe, is a due reward.

Blood asketh blood, and death muſt death requite.

Wrong done, is righted, when men grant, they erre.

Tell trueth, and ſhame all travellers and tradeſmen.

He that ſoares too neare the Sunne, may melt his wings.

Bluſhing doth ill in a waiting-Gentlewoman, but monſtruous in an old Courtier.

The Vulture ſmels a prey.

Sin is the worſt of ills.

A duty well diſcharg'd, is never followed by ſadd repentance.

The world's a Citie, full of ſtraying ſtreets,
And death's the market-place where all doe meet.

Make not miſery and affliction a toy to jeſt at.

My hope's a priſoner to me.

A willing man dyes ſleeping.

Truth is times eldeſt daughter.

Awake, and pay the duty which you owe.

Power makes all things lawfull.

Envy ſtands ever gaping at deſert.

Love hath a blind-fold judgment.

Truth hath no need of Rhetorick.

Death is a debt, for which there is no forgiveneſſe.

Perſwaſion ſhall not change me.

No man ſhall want his merit.

Still waters drowne, the ſhallow doe but roar.

It is truths part to ſuffer.

A Baſtard is the filthy dreggs of luſt, that was begot when ſinne was revelling.

Shake hands with paſſion.

Earth muſt not queſtion Heaven.

As innocent as truth.

Kill not your comfort.

Gold is a good perſwader.

He that knowes the world, knowes not all her miſchieſes.

Care may prevent a danger.

He that feares danger, ſhall be ſure to finde it.

In ſtilleſt rivers, are the greateſt dangers.

Make vertue your companion evermore.

Truth will appeare ſometimes by miracle.

Severity brings ſafety.

Miſery will make a man the better reliſh happineſſe.

Dally not with miſchieſe.

The lambe is unnaturall, that ſhould hate the Damme.

All ſhip-wracks are not drownings.

Stomackes with kindneſſe cloyd, diſdaine muſt ſtirre.

Deepe plots deſire the night, not babling day.

Wine is wits mid-wife.

Time may favour winne.

Fear's as bad as death.

Darke night hath blacke velvet wings.

Melancholy is the nurſe of frenzie.

The

The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thankes.
It is the minde that makes the body rich.
The fire of love is blowne by dalliance.
The more ill threats us, we ſuſpect the leſſe.
Preferment ſeldome graceth baſhfulneſſe.
Cares are companions of a crowne.
Miſchiefe lurkes in the darke.
A ſtorme may come, be the day ne're ſo cleare.
Quicke ſpeede is good, where wiſdome leades the way.
Haſty purpoſes, have hated ends.
Death is the conquerour of Kings.
He loves not me, that loves mine enemie.
The monſter griefe afflicts my very ſoule.
Death is farre ſweeter then captivity.
Reaſon's the miſtreſſe of experience.
Report is ever ſubject to abuſes.
Worth ſhould be ever admir'd, and vertue lov'd.
True love is void of feare.
No danger can afflict a conſtant minde.
Your waxen wings will melt againſt the Sun.
Beauty may tempt to luſt.
Put not out the eye of reaſon.
Beauty ſet to ſale, wantons the blood.
Beauty doth draw like to the wanton morning ſun, the eyes of men to gaze on.
Truth will be prevalent.
Juſtice, like lightning, ever ſhould appeare,
To few mens ruine, but to all mens feare.
Let not paſſion ecclips your judgment, or reaſon.
Truth will diſcover all mens treacheries.
Mercy and beauty well doe ſympathize.

Causes best friended, have the best events.
Better be ever dumb, then not speake truth.
Silence argues guilt.
Appetite to love, never leaves an old woman, till cracking of nuts failes her.
Sleepe is deaths younger brother.
Aman past grace, is past recovery.
Nights candles burne obscure.
The moone lyes buried in a cloud.
Earths joyes are but short liv'd.
Your soule bleedes at your eyes.
The care of State is quicke, and jealous.
Good men may erre sometimes.
Soft rest hath ceas'd on mortalls browes.
Passion, like midnight, sits upon your thoughts.
I'e vent my griefes in silence.
Experience makes it good, they stand not fast, that rise by blood.
What fits you not to know, leave to desire.
Suspitions eye doth dog you.
Death is the post of heaven.
Take truce with sorrow.
You may as soone perswade the Ocean, in a storm to leave swelling.
Envye stands a typ-toe, to pull downe innocence.
Every thing the lesse common it is, the more admir'd.
Love is ever seconded with flattery.
Vertue is rich, and rewards it selfe.
Death's a quicke carver.
Death is the harbinger of heaven.
Fortune showres downe content beyond desert.

Nature

Nature hath made you, what ſhe need not ſhame.

When he that ſhould reward, forgets the man, 'tis vertue to boaſt a merit.

Time creepes, when we expect our bliſſe.

Prevent your fate, by vertuous providence.

No ſun-ſhine followes me.

Virgins reſolves are weake.

Be reconcil'd to vertue.

Innocence is a ſtrong tower.

Death's a devouring gamſter.

Reproach is death, to him that liv'd in fame.

Griefe by diſpaire ſeemes greater then it is.

By induſtry, wiſe men doe ſeeke reliefe.

True ſetled love, can ne're be turn'd to hate.

Though fortune faile us, let us not faile our ſelves.

Vertue's unto it ſelfe a ſure reward.

Beware betimes, and be not wiſe too late.

There lurks an adder in the greeneſt graſſe.

Danger, of purpoſe, alwayes hides her head.

Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude.

He that is one mans ſlave, is free from none.

Where there is plaineneſſe, there is ever truth.

Rage is the vent of torment.

Miſchiefe's ready way lyes alwayes open.

Gold is of power to make an Eagle's ſpeed.

Fortune is fickle, and her face is blinde.

The Foxe fares alwayes beſt, when he is curſt.

Great honours are but fortunes flatteries.

Who ſoares too neare the ſun, may melt his wings.

The ſhrub is ſafe, when us the Cedar ſhakes.

Ambition like the plague, ſee thou eſchew.

A diſgrace not ſeene, is held no ſhame.

Let not luſt conquer vertue.

The Halcyon ſings before a ſtorme.

You know no pitty for an injury.

At the loweſt ebbe, the tide ſtill turnes.

You have ſhewed me a rich Jewell, and put it in a Casket for your ſelfe.

When mynes are to bee blowne up, men digge lowe.

Let plenty ſpread your boord, and charity take away.

Great men to Princes, are like valleyes unto hils, they may be councelled by them, not controwled.

Conſcience is ſeldome ſeene in cloath of gold.

Great fortunes earned, are great ſlaveries.

Where Beggars once take almes, they look for't ever.

Storms are at ſea, when it is calme at land.

You feede ſome diſcontent.

Diſcontent's a mould, fit to caſt miſchiefe in.

Hee that hath the muſes ſmyle, hath moneyes frowne.

Better to fight with Lyons, then with Lawes.

Heaven is the poore mans champion.

Sorrow ends not, when as it ſeemeth done.

Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

Where words are few, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine.

Mens ends are mark'd, more then their lives before.

You ſeeke no ſhelter, to avoid the ſtorme.

A tide of woes comes ruſhing on all at once.

Thankes is the exchequer of the poore.

Things

Things paſt redreſſe, ought to be paſt care.
Teares ſhew their love, but want their remedy.
Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.
Griefe's not to be aſſwag'd by flattery.
Chaſtity is a thing not known in Court.
Nothing is hard to them that dare to dye.
Cheriſh deſert in all.
Men are not fit to live in the ſtate they hate.
The eaſineſſe doth much abate the edge.
No pain's ſo irkſome as a forc'd delight.
There needes no flattery, but where deſert is wanting.
He's next in right, that hath the ſtrongeſt power.
Sometimes noble blood is hid in rags.
Feare argues a baſe ſpirit.
Death is the laſt, and the extream'ſt of ills.
Vertue is paid her due by death alone.
Time weares out, what art or nature cannot bring about.
When luſt is up, all women are alike.
None can finde, the ſubtle cunning of a womans minde.
You give a drop of honey in a ſea of gall.
Ther's no reſiſting of neceſſity.
There is a cloud obſcures my ſunne.
Late providence, procures long repentance.
Blinde is the cenſure of uncertainties.
Great ſorrow is alwayes dumbe.
The greateſt vertue is true patience.
My heart was never feaver-ſhook with feare.
All cenſures ſoone take fire.
The dawne of mid-night, is the Drunkards noone.

Chaſtity

Chastity is a Virgins riches.

To shut your lips fast, take this locke of gold.

A faulty woman never wants excuse.

Women are like to Venice glasses, one cracke spoyles them.

As kinde as the sunne to the new-come spring.

As constant as the needle to the adamant.

Good things abus'd, convert unto the worst.

An Eagles nest disdaines to hatch a crow.

Small flies it'th spiders web are ta'ne,
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.

No man ever durst sweare for his wife, but *Adam*.

Innocence wrong'd, is crown'd.

Thieves are *Diana's* Forresters, or Gentlemen of the shade.

As melancholy as a lovers lute, or haire.

Tread not upon my patience.

A railing wife is worse then a smoaky house.

As bountifull as mynes of India.

Your letters speakes your minde.

As wanton as a goate.

Discretion is the better part of valour.

A false comfort is worse then a true wrong.

Suspition alwayes hath a ready tongue.

In poyson there is physicke.

Wake not a sleeping wolfe.

As neare of kinne, as the parish heyfer to the towne bull.

Discretion is the better part of man.

Let wisdome be your guide.

Uneasie lyes the head, that weares a Crowne.

Olde folkes are times doating chronicle.

Hee

He is walk'd the way of nature, and of death.

Abate your fury.

As quicke and fiery, as the palfrey of the ſunne.

There's flattery in friendſhip.

The man that would have ſold the Lyons skinne, while the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

Noble mindes contemne diſpaire or danger.

There is more ſafety in a tygers jawes.

To wretched men, death is felicity.

No beaſt is ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.

A wren may prey, where an Eagle dares not perch.

'Tis good to ſort occaſion.

When clouds appeare, wiſe men put on their cloakes.

The minde of man miſtruſts enſuing dangers.

The waters ſwell, before a boyſterous ſtorme.

Riches are in fortune, as great a good, as wiſedome is in nature.

Hope is ſuch a bate, it covers any hooke.

Calumnies are anſwered beſt with ſilence.

Health is the bleſſing of the rich, and riches of the poore.

The ſunne that ſets, may riſe againe.

Play not with, or delay not opportunity.

Guilty perſons ſuſpect what they deſerve.

Miſchiefe doth ever end, where it begun.

It is an act of horrour.

Heaven never failes the innocent.

Good wits are greateſt in extreamity.

To plead for the guilty, hurts the innocent.

Miſchiefs feed like beaſts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

Brave minds, are ſtrongeſt in extreamities.

The moſt doe favour errour.

Reaſon is the ground of arts.

Your complements call your faith in queſtion.

You may improve your vertue.

Death hath more doores than one.

Truth is a word, that doth in every language reliſh well.

Play not too long upon my patience.

Mine eyes begin to ſummon me to ſleepe.

Love is alwayes jealous.

In full fields, the gleanings are allowed.

The end ſtill crownes the deed.

Beſt natures are ſooneſt wrought upon.

Where ſhall I borrow patience.

A ſtorme is comming, I muſt provide for harbor.

Man's right to every thing, wains with his wealth.

'Tis a dangerous thing to ſteale prey from a Lyon.

The worſt deeds are made good, with good ſucceſſe.

Flatterers looke like friends, as wolves like dogs.

Miſery of vertue, ill is made good with worſe.

A wronged hart will breake a rib of ſteele, but vent it ſelfe.

You are a gulfe of all ingratitude.

Diſhoneſt things, have bitter rivers, though delicious ſprings.

Truth is not made of glaſſe.

Princes diſcontents, are like the flames of Etna, not to be quench'd.

Pray yield my innocence juſtice.

Doe not inforce your merrits, ſo your ſelfe.

Where

Where medicines loath, it grieves men to bee heal'd.

Danger alwayes haunts desert.

Submission is a full, and compleat recompence.

Reward goes backward, honour on his head.

We must to vertue, for our guide resort.

Innovation is more dangerous than errour.

All faults are still-born, that from greatness grow.

Frailty is fruitfull.

The height of love is still wonne with denyings.

Guilt carries feare with it.

Flattery, like the plague, pierceth unfelt.

Keepe not fire in your bosome, lest it consume you.

You cherish a viper in your bosome, which will destroy you.

The Politician, or Machevilian, covers hate with smiles.

A Politician must (like lightning) melt the very marrow, yet not pierce the skinne.

An olde husband is good to make screene of, to stand next the fire, whilst his young wife sits behinde him, and keeps a friends lips warme.

You with your hand turn Fortunes wheele about.

Vertue is the fountaine, whence honour springs.

Let no mans birth be blemish to his worth.

We must give way to want.

'Tis manners to take kindnesse.

Necessity must be obeyed.

The feast of Marriage is not lust, but love.

When *Cynthia's* pride's at full, she waynes againe.

Death is the greatest Monarch in the world.

Love is a ſlave to hope.

Night clad in black, mournes for the loſſe of day.

Sleepe is death's younger brother.

Loves power by wiſdome, cannot be with-ſtood.

Firm conſtancy, like rockes, can ne're be mov'd.

The face is the index of the minde.

'Tis a weakeneſſe to meaſure by our ſelves, the purpoſes of others.

You carry too much ſale for your ſmall Barque.

Let not falſe hopes abuſe you.

To be thankfull to a ſervants merits, is growne a crime.

Greatneſſe comes from above.

'Tis a favour, which vertue cannot warrant.

An innocent trueth can never ſtand in neede of a guilty lye.

I am but coffin to my cares.

My tongue's the voyce of truth.

Gold is the miſers god.

Men fleſht in blood, know ſeldome to amend.

Love ſubdues all things.

Love is the ſoveraign vertue of the ſoule.

Death to the godly, is the gate to bliſſe,
But death (the wicked) leades to the Abyſſe.

MOST

MOST PITHY, FACETIOUS, and PATHETICALL COMPLEMENTALL EXPRESSIONS.

CONfirme me in your favour, with a ſmile.

The juſtneſſe of my cauſe, I hope will gaine ſucceſſe.

Her necke's more white, then new falne ſnow.

Her breaſts, are ſwan-like.

Her very breath perfumes the aire ſhe breaths.

You embrace the occaſion to depart.

Welcome as Manna, to my hungry ſoule.

I will contrive my ſelfe for your beſt uſe.

I will performe my beſt on your behalſe.

Shee is a rich myne of beauty.

Shee is the glory of her ſex.

Shee beares the palme of beauty from them all.

Others compar'd to her, ſeeme like glimmering ſtarres to the full Moone.

Her breath's more odiferous, then a bed of ſpices.

Nature ne're fram'd a more delicious piece.

I'le pay the tribute of my lips, to your faire hands.

The muſicke of the ſpheares, is not ſo raviſhing.

The name of him you come from, is warrant ſufficient

cient to make your welcome here.
Let my boldneſſe prove pardonable.
Let us change aire a little.
You have power to ſteere me, as you pleaſe.
I hope you hold no ſuſpition of me.
'Tis my duty to obey your faire commands.
My feares are almoſt over.
In your good, I'le bury all my hate.
I can reliſh any thing that comes of free coſt.
You are the only man I have ambition to honour.
I ſhould be proud to merit ſuch a favour.
'Tis in your power to oblige me.
Pray point mee out ſome ſervice, to expreſſe my gratitude.
You will diſhonour me by your ſuſpition.
I know you are all Court-ſhip.
You have diſcourſt me into admiration.
I'l live an hereticke in that point.
You have a ſoule is full of gratitude.
You have ſown your charity in a fruitfull ground.
You are very liberall in language.
Breake ſilence, when you pleaſe.
Doome me not a ſcorne, before condemn'd.
Your ſight gives me a leaſe of longer life.
Bee wiſe, faire opportunity waites upon your pleaſure.
Your will is but controul'd by daſtard feares.
Let me now circle in mine armes, all happineſſe.
I have not ſoule enough, to apprehend my joyes.
I hope my fortunes cannot deſerve your ſcorne.
Let me be bold to claime your noble promiſe.
My blood heaves in my veines,

'Tis

'Tis happineſſe enough, that you have mentioned it.

Let me beg your pardon.

Make me happy to renew my ſuite.

Vouchſafe me kiſſe your hands.

I'le conſecrate this day to triumph.

I am ſhadow to your worthineſſe, noble friend.

The riches of the world flow to your coffers.

Thinke not, that I would bid you graſpe the wind, or call you to the embracing of a cloud.

You have power to melt mee, and caſt mee in any mould.

All my breaſt holds, I'le powre into thee.

I'le tell it, or ſpeake it in thine eares.

I had been happier by your fellowſhip.

Put on your better lookes, or thoughts.

Ther's nought, but faire and good intended to you.

Speake your imperfect thoughts.

I am ever bound to you, for many favours.

Fame renders you moſt worthy of it.

Report could never have got a ſweeter aire to flye in, than your noble breaſt.

You are all bounty, all worth.

Enjoyne me to what puniſhment you pleaſe.

I'le flye at your commands.

I feare 'twill prove prodigious to you.

Your warrant muſt prove mighty then:

For this let me embrace you.

I will be ſecret as your ſoule, or night.

I'le like your ſhade purſue you.

All faire content dwell here.

Fortune may be propitious yet.

I feare, my griefes are not at full yet.
I emulate your daring ſpirit.
You can bawle well, with your full oyſter voyce.
You barke too much, to bite.
All valour's not confin'd within your breaſt.
The happineſſe of the day crowne your deſires.
I wiſh the night may equall the dayes happineſſe.
All content, both night and day, crowne your deſires.
My deſires equall your wiſhes.
I'le weepe the day out, and out-mourn the night.
Who gave you patent to examine me.
She equalls your Commends in all reſpects.
So true a faire, I ne're beheld till now.
You merit not, to touch ſo choiſe a rarity.
You over-charge me with ſo great a favour, as your deſcending thus to viſite me.
Your carriage ſpeakes you ſo impartiall worthy.
I ſhould doe wrong to merit, not to honour you.
Your hopes ſhould flye a pitch above it.
I ſee, there ſpeakes a fortune in your brow.
I dare not looke ſo high.
Is this the hooke your golden baite doth cover.
I will not further diſſwade your reſolution.
I will not leſſe eſteeme your merit.
You engage me to you ever.
Her minde's ſo chaſt, a man may ſooner melt the Alpes, then her
You are ungentle to triumph in my torment.
Glut your relentleſſe ſight with full eyed ſorrow.
Shee is all amorous, all faire.
Thoſe teares would melt the hearts of Tygers.

Gold

Gold, that doth usher greatnesse, lacques you.

The tongues of Ravens are too milde to speake it.

You cast your eyes too much upon the flame, proves your destruction.

Turne backe your Commet eyes, or I shall perish in the flames of love.

I'le be as just to you, as heaven to trueth.

Can there remaine a soule, that will vouchsafe me pity.

I'le put you to the test.

You dazell your owne eys.

I will out-toyle the day for your content.

I cannot speake your worth to the full.

What sad noyse wounds my eares.

You are the prodigy of nature.

You are the substance of that shadow, I did represent.

The world may smile againe.

Calme your contumelious tongue.

Reverse that doome.

If I say, I may repent, but if I sweare, it is irrevocable.

You looke like leane fac'd envye.

I scorne your worthlesse threats.

You have a Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide.

Even as the rockes please them, that feare their wracke.

Pray give no limits to my tongue.

Without your leave, I'me priviledg'd to speake.

Your man-hood hangs upon your tongue.

As if a channell, should be call'd, the Sea.

Whether flye the gnats, but to the Sunne.

Dark clowdy death, ore-ſhades his beames of life.
Aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
The ghoſtly Father now hath done his ſhrift.
You cry content, to that which grieves you moſt.
You can adde colours to the Camelion.
You can change ſhapes with *Proteus*.
You'le ſet the aſpiring Cateline to Schoole.
I'le never fawne upon your frownes.
You are as amorous as youthfull May.
You are as gray as January.
My deeds ſhall alwayes waite upon my promiſe.
Juſt *Æſopps* crowe, pranc'd up in borrowed feathers.
All my liberty lies in your ſervice.
More manners wovld become you better.
I yield my ſelfe to your direction, manage mee at your pleaſure.
You would faine endeare your ſervice.
I have beene faithfull in all you truſted me.
I'le make a vertue of neceſſity.
No ſervice, more then reciprocall.
I cannot paſſe you without an ave.
Secret as mid-night, quicke as lightning, ſure as the ſunne.
I liſtned for that ſtring, and you have toucht it.
You oppreſſe me with wonder.
I'le give no ſufferage to it.
I feare you have made a conveyance of your Virginity before-hand.
You have ſuck'd the milke of the Court.
I'le be your anvill to worke upon.
I will out-waite a Sergeant for you.

Shall

Shall I hope this benefit from you.
You ſet too high a price on my poore deſervings.
I reap'd more grace, then I deſerv'd or hop'd.
Darke night hath ſhut up day, to pleaſure us.
What ever joy earth yeelds, ſucceede to you.
The vertues of your minde would force a Stoicke to ſue to be your ſervant.
You are a ſtaine of honour.
I am a conſtant lover of your minde.
Your noble deeds, tranſcend all preſidents.
It is an honour, and ſo I doe receive it.
Peace waite upon you.
It is a favour, and ſo I doe receive it.
You have fir'd mee with the heate of your deſervings.
The vertues of your minde are infinite.
You wander in the wilde maze of deſire.
Pray guide me to your lips.
Your lookes are agues to me.
Let's have a ſcene of mirth.
You are a diligent obſerver of the times.
Too much of one diſh cloyes one.
I'le ſeate you on a hill of happineſſe.
I feele a womans longing.
You have out-ſtript me in the race of honour.
'Tis farre from me, to be your rivall.
One frowne of yours, ſtrikes dead all comfort in mee.
Your feares are needleſſe.
I'le not be wanting: but ſtil ſtrive to ſerve.
You are the miracle of vertue.
I ſtand indebted for a benefit to you.

In thankefull duty, I'le ſtudy how to ſerve you.
I cannot ſpeake your prayſes to the full.
Your breaſt's my Sanctuary.
It is not worth your thoughts.
I prize him to his worth.
In thought I am not guilty.
Let me thrive, as my intents are honeſt.
I have a ſtrong aſſurance of your vertue.
It is unfit, that I ſhould preſſe it further.
Such thoughts are farre from my ambition.
This is impudence beyond expreſſion.
Trouble me not with thankes.
It merits not your thankes.
Fortune claimes a ſhare in't.
I doe partake your ſufferings.
There's no happineſſe in my gift, but you may challenge,
I'le plead my intereſt.
I'le rather doubt an oracle, then queſtion what you deliver.
You may teach *Hermes* eloquence.
You looke with covetous eyes upon her.
I plead for that, which you with joy ſhould offer.
Leape into mine armes, and then aske pardon.
Theſe are ſtrange Meanders.
I hope you'le pleaſe to thinke upon my ſufferings.
My want of power to ſatisfie ſo great a debt, makes me accuſe my fortunes.
You may as you pleaſe, determine of me.
You caper, as you were all aire, or fire.
I'le be as humble, as your Spaniel.
Your bounty (like a new Spring) hath reviv'd the Autumne of my yeares.

I will not warre with Eloquence.
A bed of ſnakes ſtraggle within mee.
Faire fortune be your guide.
You ſeeme to out-march time.
You are skilfull in patience.
You are fortunes mynion, and ſleepe in her boſome.
I feare you'l make me guilty of Idolatry.
Such endearements, will too much impoveriſh my gratitude.
Take me into your boſome, and hide me there.
I eſteeme you a friend to vertue.
Not the mountaine Ice, congeal'd to chryſtall, is more chaſt then ſhee.
Your marrow's frozen in your bones.
You ſpeake, or puffe, like a Cannon.
I'le be obedient to your juſt commands
I'le celebrate my Mris health to you.
Her breath is like the ſmoake of ſpices.
I ever held you my beſt example.
Shee whiſpers like the amorous lute.
'Tis not in me for to reſiſt your pleaſure
I'le flye with winged haſt.
You councell, like an oracle.
I'le like an amorous winde, ſport with your hair.
Let my entreaty have power, to alter your commands.
I know your worth, and eſteeme your friendſhip precious.
You may challenge all my power on your behalfe.
You are the ſtarre, that rules my faculties.

Gallants are much oblig'd unto the sinnes of Ladies.

You did mispend that breath.

My faith cannot admit of this.

To see your harmony, will make me sinne in wishes.

Trust not the unruly appetite of youth.

You are much given to propogation.

Y'ave bath'd your silken limbs in lustfull dalliance.

You walke in artificall clowds.

Your guilt doth make you aguish.

You tremble, like a frosty Russian on a hill.

I feare you will convert to stone.

You wrong your judgement.

My services merit no such regard.

My joy exceeds my wonder.

You still oblige my gratitude.

You walke in cloudy mysts.

You barke against the Moone.

See an object worthy pity.

Leave with me first some comfort.

Farewell, faire regent of my soule.

You will make happy the man that shall possesse you.

I never hop'd from you so large a bounty.

Your tongue is a perpetuall motion.

Thought is not more swift.

You are a *Stukely*, or a *Sherley*, for your spirit and bounty.

Shee sends you amorous glances from her eyes.

They fight love on both sides.

Be moderate my joyes.

My

My joyes are at the full.
The blessings of your Mistrisse fall upon you.
You seeme able, without the helpe of muscadine and egges.
It shall be in my Creed.
I'le mount me on the wings of hast.
Aske your thoughts, if they can counsell keepe.
This sight is physicke to my soule.
I love to heare vice anatomized.
Marriage is my wishes happinesse.
Would I were Secretary to your thoughts.
Your thoughts and mine, run parallel in that.
My best abilities of power are at your service.
You are the starre that guides my motion.
I'le bosome what I thinke.
It was the end of their creation.
A maiden-head, is as a creature got in the eye, conceived in a kisse: some call it a sigh, and some an amorous groane.
The very aire is ravisht with her touch.
This place is not my spheare.
I have no shift of faces, no cleft tongue.
You are the soule of goodnesse.
Let me adore my *Esculapius*.
Checke your passions, be master of your selfe.
He lookes too full of death, for you to deale with.
Shee shines bright like the Moone, among the lesser lights.
I must make a rude departure.
You must use more then a common speed.
I am not Oedipus enough to understand you.
I must be glad to practise my obedience.

As

As lov'd, as is the aire I breath.

You are the friend of ſeaſon, and doe follow fortune.

I'le ſooner truſt a Sinon.

You ſeeme to tread on aire.

Let me enjoy my longings.

'Tis now about the noone of night.

Runne a Lictors pace.

I'le reare a Pyramis to your memorie.

It is an act moſt worthy Hell, and laſting night.

Now *Venus* be my ſpeed.

Can you freeze, and ſuch a heate ſo nigh you, ready to diſſolve you.

Shee hath an eaſie melting lippe, a ſpeaking eye.

All the dayes good attend you.

Can your beliefe lay hold on ſuch a miracle.

Good gall be patient.

I'le feede you with delight.

My fortunes thrive beyond imagination.

My hopes are prevalent.

Why are you cloath'd in teares or ſorrow.

Venus compar'd to her, was but a Blowze.

Her eyes are Dyamonds, ſet in pureſt gold.

You are the ſtarre, by whom my fate is led.

I love to reliſh ſweete variety.

You are clouded all with paſſion.

I hope our loves are twinnes.

Your wanton blood danceth within your veines.

You ſpeake all comfort to me.

My blood is almoſt frozen with deſpaire.

Laments are idle, ſeeke better remedies.

I muſt enrowle you in the catalogue of my deareſt friends.

You

Yon will perſwade beliefe.
You live like a ſcreech-owle in a ſecret cave.
It is the bleſſing of my fate.
Your example ſteeres mee.
Our moderators are our ſwords.
I burſt, if I containe my paſſion.
I'le be a Juſt executor, of your will.
I'le raine a ſhowre of gold into your lap.
My truſt ſhall quit your faith.
Her name, like ſome celeſtiall fire, quickens my ſpirits.
I never knew vertue, and beauty meete in a ſweeter nature.
My wiſh requites you.
I am plannet-ſtrucke.
Your guilt doth binde your ſecreſie.
You cannot tempt me, Syren.
I know what ſnake would ſting you.
My love's like fate, unmoveable.
I am blinde to your inticements.
I have beene true unto your pleaſures.
I ſhall reſt gratefull for it.
Your preſence is reſtorative.
Let me not periſh in your favour.
They greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont.
Your words are Rayſers to my wounded heart.
I'le climbe *Olympus* top.
The golden ſunne ſalutes the morne.
You are above pale envies threatning reach.
The ſunne hath gilt the Ocean with his beames.
You thunder with your tongue.
Better then you, have worne *Vulcans* badge.

There's musicke in her smiles.
I will prevent the suns up-rising from his bed.
Court her with faire entreates.
My rage hath plung'd me into a sea of danger.
Disparage not your worth so.
You are full of faire desert.
I have been bound to you, by many favours.
I shall never merit your least of favours to me.
I never bound you to me by desert.
You are a man most deare in my regard.
The Ocean's not more boundlesse, then your favours.
Some fury prickes you on, and hurries you to mischiefe.
I cannot harbour such a disloyall thought.
Your purse is my Exchequer.
Build on my faith.
With what face of brasse can you speake this.
You move me both to passion, and to pitty.
It is an act of night.
Your lipp's she path of pleasure, and the gate of blisse.
You will have much adoe, to winne beliefe.
I am wrapt in a maze of wonder.
Wee come with prepared stomackes, to your Feast.
A generall silence hath surprized all.
I'le lodge you in my bosome, and wear you in my heart.
Her honour is as spotlesse as the Moone.
This sight in me begets much admiration.
I shall turne baby too.

A mart of beauties in her viſage meete.
If once I lov'd you, greater is your debt.
Wrong not our friend-ſhip ſo.
Let feare goe ſeeke a daſtards neſt.
I'le call your tongue to ſtrict account for this.
I'le ope my boſome to you.
You thinke you can enchaine me with a ſmile.
You are a white inchantreſſe, Lady.
A beauteous body hides a loathſome ſoule.
You are to her a ſun-burnt Black-a-moore.
Your tongue is like the ſting of Scorpions.
Let my ſubmiſſion my preſumption ſalve.
No paines, but pleaſure Sir.
Come, forget your Courtiers, and talke like honeſt men.
Sure you had a ſatyre to your ſire.
Midnight would bluſh at this.
I ever held your worth in great eſteem.
Your breaſt is my ſanctuary.
I heare, or feare a tempeſt comming.
Give me leave to plead my innocency.
Which of my actions hath rendred me ſuſpected.
Pray uſe my ſervice in't.
Let proofe plead for me.
'Tis a diſgrace would dwell upon me, ſhould you refuſe me.
I have no faculty, which is not yours.
Your charity is my heritage.
Your lookes enforce a freedome out of bondage.
You are as jealous as a Turkey.
May your goodneſſe get you a happy husband.

I am proud to pleaſe you.
You are a noble giver.
Let me ſeale my vow'd faith on your lips.
By you, like your ſhade, I'le ever dwell.
You out-dare danger.
My fanci's oft a prophet.
The juſtneſſe of my cauſe, and honour guard me.
You mke my faith to ſtagger.
Let no due be wanting.
You are to her a meere dull ſhadow.
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo tyrannous.
I'de rather ſee a Wren hawle at a flye.
My heart is wing'd with haſt, that out-flies motion.
You have a goodneſſe, paſt equality.
I'le ſtretch your patience higher yet.
I hold your words a rocke to build upon.
Doubt not my diligence.
This kiſſe ſeales my repentance.
'Tis now no time for Court-ſhip.
You cannot command, what I'le not execute.
You have hit the object, that I look'd at.
You cannot command, with more willingneſſe then I'le obey.
I dare not ſpeake my knowledge.
As you have vertue, ſpeake it.
Unlocke this ſecret.
Your jealouſie doth fooke, or ſlave you.
The unblowne Roſe, the mynes of Chryſtall, nor the Diamond, are not more chaſte, or pure then ſhee.

Can

Can there be ſuch a lethergy in nature.
Let not ſadneſſe thus afflict you.
They which dare doe, dare ſuffer.
'Tis no more, then what your worth may challenge.
You are my Nightingale of comfort.
I'le keepe a Jubile to your memory.
Your tongue cannot defame me.
Nothing can hinder fate.
Few words, and good deeds, are beſt pleaſing to women.
You are rackt in the haven of happineſſe.
The hand of heaven reward you.
You have throwne me on a bed of miſery.
Your love out-ſtrips my merit.
The Court's a ſpring, each Lady is a roſe.
Women are Angels, clad in fleſh.
Your will commands, and mine obeyes.
Her maiden cheekes, bluſh with Vermillion.
My eyes pay tribute, where my heart payes love.
You are the patron of my hopes.
Your purſe is proud, although your garment's poore.
This gallant will command the Sunne.
The harveſt of his life is paſt.
Your memory deſerves to outlive time.
You like a Commet doe attract all eyes.
I muſt enjoyn you to an act of ſecreſie.
You are the ſtar of my felicity.
You apply a balme, worſe then the wound it ſelfe.
You ſeeme devoted unto ſorrow.
It is a Paradice, enjoying you.

Wrong not her ſpotleſſe chaſtity.
You are the ſhame of men.
You breath'd a paſſionate ſigh.
You temporize with ſorrow, mine is ſincere.
Swifter then meditation.
Let my repentance make ſatisfaction, for my wrongs to you.
Your chinne, almoſt appeares a wilderneſſe.
It is a meere impoſture.
You have made me ſicke with paſſion.
My armes ſhall be your ſanctuary.
I'le free you from all danger.
The hand of heaven is in't.
O ſuite your pity with your infinite beauty.
You are the only anchor of my hopes.
There is no treaſure upon earth like her.
What breeds diſtruſt in you.
I waite the cenſure of your doome.
Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.
I am proud, my houſe containes ſuch worthy friends.
My ſword ſhall be your guardian.
In your loſſe, my joy ecclipſed is.
As white as innocence it ſelfe.
You ſerve the times.
Her breath caſts ſweet perfumes.
Your goodneſs is the ſpring from whence it iſſues.
Goodneſſe and vertue, are neere of your acquaintance.
You underſtand not the language of my intent.
Light is not clearer.

A charity, like all your other vertues.
I am in a ſtrait of miſeries
As covetous as a barren wombe.
As rare as vertue at the Court.
As glorious as a noone-tide ſun.
My entertainement hath confirm'd my welcome.
We love by deſtiny.
I live indeer'd unto your faith.
You have blaſted the harveſt of my hopes.
Your words have charm'd my ſoule.
Let me entreate your ſilence.
I will not truſt the aire with it.
You wound my heart.
You ſwell like a ſpring tide.
Heaven hath been my friend.
I am ſorry to have been the meſſenger of that afflicts you.
I want no part of welfare, but your wiſhed preſence.
You have no ſence of griefe.
Make me companion of your cares.
Play not the Tyrant with me.
You'l bed with ice and ſnow.
You are too much an Adamant.
My thankes requite you.
You'l waſt your ſelfe with ſorrow.
Thoſe eyes were made to ſhine, not waſt with dew.
Your preſence is powerfull.
My ſtarres owe me more happineſſe.
Let not paſſion clowde your vertues.
Your words and lookes are ſtrangers.
It is no pilgrimage to travell to your lips.

Goe

Goe bath your lips in rosie dew of kisses.
You are the miracle of friendship.
I weare you in my heart.
Your favours have falne like the dew upon me.
You make my vertue bleed.
Give me leave to waken your memory.
It is an age, till night.
Mischiefe hath scarce a name beyond it.
My *Genius* and yours are friends.
Take heede, my hands will mutiny.
My tongue speakes the freedome of my heart.
You are a very rat of *Nylus*.
Mine eyes have feasted on your beautuous face.
I am all joy in your conversion.
I owe service to your love.
In your love I number many blesses.
I will unrippe my very bosome to you.
I hope you are not marble.
I will beg your pity.
I'le cherish your desert.
Command what you desire.
The sunne and I must rise together.
I love the braine for the invention.
Sure winter dwells upon your lipp, the snow is not more cold.
The starres whereon I gaze, shall be your face.
You with Ambrosiacke kisses bathe your lips.
You may by vertue beate downe your ambition.
Our morning cock's turn'd Owle.
Y'are turn'd *Pernassus*, late.
You feede my heart with much sweet hope.

My

My patience can digest your injuries.
You are rich in meekenesse.
You have a flinty heart.
Your head doth beare the Calendar of age.
You may usurpe your pleasure.
You are full of passion.
I'le Centinell your safety.
You have power to sway me, as you please.
Convert your rage to pity.
I should question truth, to doube it.
Your goodnesse wants a president.
I ne're beheld a beauty more compleate.
I'le chronicle your vertues.
Your acceptance shall be my recompence.
You no way have offended.
It was my ignorance, and no pretended boldnesse.
Your Sunne shines in my day.
I'le be an *Argos* o're you.
Your words to mee are Acts, your promises are deeds.
The Sunne ne're met the Summer with more joy.
To you, I will disclose my very bosome.
No storme could be so tyrannous.
You wrap me up in wonder.
I am as mute as night.
Freely relate your sorrows.
Report strikes with wonder.
You are gratefull, beyond merit, or desert.
You take truce with sorrow.

It would become you ill.
Innocence is bold.
You guild my praises farre above my deserts.
My boldnesse wants excuse.
I am your servant, still at your commands.
Dreame on your best desires.
My language was not aim'd at you.
Reward stayes for you.
I am barr'd of much content.
Your service shall not dye unrewarded.
This physicke cures not me.
I'le pay the tribute of my love to you.
You will out-strip the winde.
I gather from your eyes, what your disease is.
I'le safely land you out of all danger.
If a storme fall, you shall be my shelter.
The Wolfe's in's owne snare taken.
Mine eyes have lusted for you.
You make me much your debtor.
Welcome, as light to day, as health to sicke men.
The sunne shines on you still.
It is the riches of the minde, that I doe aime at.
The riches of your minde are infinite.
Let mee share your thoughts
'Tis not so sweete as musicke.
This is beyond all patience.
Shee needes not learne her beauties worth of you.
Give quiet to your thoughts.

Let men that hope to be belov'd, be bold.
You have a face, where all good seemes to dwell.
My duty bindes me to obey you ever.
You are an usurer of fame.
I sacrifice to you the incense of my thankes.
You weare a snowy livery.
I will repay your love with usury.
I have no reason to misdoubt your faith.
Vertue goe with you.
You are the starre I reach at.
Where shines this starre.
Give him a Court loafe, stop his mouth with a monopoly.
I am engag'd to businesse, craves some speed.
Her eyes are Orbes of starres.
Thankes for your wishes.
You speake the Courtiers dialect.
Your tongue walkes from your heart.
'Tis your owne guilt afflicts you
If I can friend you, use me.
Oh, I shall rob you of too much sweetnesse.
Sure, you have lost your use of reason.
You fret like a gumm'd velvet.
All things lie levell to your wishes.
Your title, farre exceeds my worth.
You runne before your horse to market.
You are my counsells consistory.
Inherit your desires.
Your kindnesse freezeth.
Hope flies with Swallow wings.

The cocke already salutes the morne.
I, like a child, will goe by your direction.
Your love hath tast in this.
You are the rising Sun, which I adore.
'Tis only your desert, I know no second cause.
My crosses meete to vexe me.
Successe hath made you wanton.
It is a confidence that well becomes you.
I burne in a sweete flame.
This service is for vertues sake, not for reward.
May your owne rod whip you.
I see your witt's as nimble as your tongue.
Your favours I still taste in great abundance.
Let mee but touch the white pillowes of your naked breasts.
May you be ever happy.
Your pleasure is your own.
Your words, like musicke, please me.
My fancy ryots within me.
You have all circumstances of worth in you.
You feede on wishes.
I prize your love above all the gold in wealthy India's armes.
Your garments are all made of Median silke.
I'le play at kisses with you.
Your Chin hangs like an udder.
Here's beauty set in goodnesse.
Give me a naked Lady in a net of gold.
Your fingers are made to quaver on a lute.
Your armes to hang about a Ladies necke.
Your tongue is oyl'd with Courtly flatteries.

A kiſſe, is but a minutes joy.
Detraction dares not taxe you.
Your beauti's without limits.
I glory in the building I have rais'd.
You build upon my ruines.
Your words are Delphian Oracles.
My care ſhall not be wanting.
Your wit hath too much edge.
I am a Caſt-away, in love.
You are a flame of beauty.
Sweete and delicious as the feaſt of love.
The amorous ſunne courts the earth with ſmiles.
Sweete as the breath of lutes, or loves delicious-neſſe.

FINIS.

The Errata.

Page 2.l.6. forget, r. forfeit. p.6.l.6. ſollary, r. ſallary. p.6l.16. I deſire, r. pierce.p.7.l.1. undeard,r.unheard p.9.l.26.inroule, r. involve.p. 20. l. 10. iv'd, r.liv'd.p.20.l.12.care,r.ear.p.21.l.30.us,r.as.p.30.l.22.a,r.to.p.35l.8.of honour,r.to honour.p.35.l.28.ſtrue,r.ſtrive.p.37.l.2. ſtraggle,r.ſtruggle.p.38.l.6. propogation,r.propagation.p.41.l.24.Rayſers,r.Rayſors.p.42. l.19.ſhe path,r. the path.p.43.l.14.your,r.you are.p.44..l.8.mke,r.make. p.44,.l. 12. hawle, r. hawke,p.48.l.16.bleſſes, r. blyſſes.

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